JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AN ADDRESS BY GEORGE W. CURTIS.

HE SPEAKS OF THE POET AND DIPLOMATIST BE-FORE THE NEW BROOKLYN INSTITUTE.

of the Institute provides for an address on Washington's Eirthday, upon some eminent American. It was year, until his death occurred, last st. As his birth, in 1819, was upon the same day as Washington's, in 1732, it was decided to ask Mr. Curtis to speak upon the double an piversary and make Mr. Lowell his theme. The hall was filled with 1,500 people, among them many well-

When Mr. Curtis made his way to the platform, accompanied by General John B. Woodward, president Institute, and Drs. Hall and Backus, there was loud applause, which was repeated when he arose to speak, and it frequently punctuated his address. Genal Woodward made a brief speech of introduction. Mr. Curtis spoke as follows:

eral Woodward made a brief speech of introduction. Mr. Curtis spoke as follows:

The birthday of Washington not only recalls a great historic figure, but it remains us of the quality of great citizenship. His career is at once our inspiration and rebuke. Whatever is folly, fair and patriotic in public conduct, instinctively we call by his name; whatever is base, sendsh and insworthy, is shamed by the instrey of his lite. Like the flamming sword turning every way that guarded the gate of Faradise, Washington's example is the beacon shining at the opening of our animis and lighting the path of our narional life.

But the service that makes great citizenship is as various as gentus and temperament. Washington's conduct of the war was not more valuable to the country than his organization of the government, and it was not his special takent but his character that made both of those services possible. In public affairs the glamor of arms is always duzzling. It is the laurels of Milligdes, not those of Homer or Phalias or Demosthenes, which disturb and inspire the young Themistocless But white military glory sites the popular heart it is the traditions of national grandeur, the force of noble character, immortal works of literature and art, which nonrish the sentiment that makes men patriots and heroes. The choquence of Demosthenes aroused deen deent Greece at last to strike for independence. The song of Koerner fired the resistless charge of Lutzow's cavelry. A parapara of our keyonition revives the fleakering flame of colonial patriotism. The speech the song, the written word, are deeds no less than the clash of arms at theronea and Yorkown and Gettys-

flickering flame of colonial patriotism. The speech, the song, the veritien word, are deeds no less than the clash of arms at Cheronea and Yorknown and Gettysburg.

It is not only Washington the silder and the statesman, but Washington the citizen, whom we chiefly remember. Americans are necused of mining an excelent and patriotic Virginia gentleman a mythological hero and demi-god. But what mythological hero and demi-god. But what mythological hero and demi-god is a lagure so fair? We say nothing of him to-day that was not said by those who saw and knew Elm, and in phrases more glowing than ours, and the concentrated light of a hundred years discloses nothing to mar the nobinity of the incomparable man.

It was while the personal recollections and impressions of him were still fresh, while as Lowell said. Boston was not yet a city and Cambridge was still a country village. That Lowell was born in Cambridge seventy-three years ago to-day. His birth on Washington's birchday seems to be a happy coincidence, because each is so admirable an filmstration of the two forces whose union has made America. Massachusetts and Virginia, although of very different orien and character, were the two colonial leaders. In Virginia politics as in the artistocratic salon of Paris on the eve of the French Revolution there was always a theory of the state was sesontially artistocratic and conservative. Virginia was the Cavaller of the Conolies, Massachusetts was the Puritan. And when John Adams, New-Earkund personalted, said in the Conolies, Massachusetts was the Puritan. And when John Adams, New-Earkund personalted, said in the Conolies, Massachusetts and Virginia for that emergency foretoid the final union of the states, after a burbile travail of difference, indeed, and ong years of strife.

The higher spirit of conservatism, its reverence for antiquity, its susceptibility to the remance of tradition, its institute for continuity and development, and its an tipathy to violent rapture: the grace and charm and courtesy of establish

The house in which Lowell was born has long beer nger in the neighborhood of Boston, and it start rethis its dignity of aspect, but a dignity somewhat
inpaired by the oneroaching advance of the city and
if the architectural tasts of a later day. The house
at its traditions, for it was thilt before the Revelution
by the last loyal Licutonaut-Governor of Massachustas, whose stout allegiance to the British Crown was
ever shaken, and who left New-England with regret
then New-England, also not without natural illed
geret, left due Eritish Empire. It is a legend of
limwood that Washington was once its guest, and
fire the revolution it was owned by Elbridge Gerry,
signer of the Decharation of Independence, who
compiled it when he was Vice-President.
Not far away from Elmwood, Lowell's lifelong
more, is the house which is doubly renowned as the
cadquarters of Washington and the home of Long
calquarters of Washington and the home of Long
lim, twin heir with Washington took command of
her Revolutionary army. Indeed, Cambridge is all
levels to Comment. Youder Sandoth Revolutionary
radition. Lexington common is but six miles away,
radition. Lexington common is but six miles
revolutionary army. Indeed, Cambridge is all
levere to Comme

cated New-England, coeval with the Puritan ment which has given the master impulse to American civilization.

The American is fortunate who, like Lowell, is born among such historic scenes and local associations, and to whose cradle the good fairy has brought the gift of sensitive appreciation. His birthplace was singularly adapted to his genius and his taste. The landscape, the fife, the fagures of Cambridge constantly appear both in his prose and verse, but he lays little stress upon the historic reminiscence. It is the picture-squeness, the character, the humor of the life around him which attract him. This apparent in difference to the historic charm of the neighborhood is linestrated in a little story that Lowell tells on his first visit to the White Mountains. In the Franconia Noteh he stopped to chat with a recluse in a sawmill hasy at work, and asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountains. The busy workman answered: "Dun no: never see it." Lowell continues: "Too young and too bappy to feel or affect the Juvenalian Indifference, I was sincrely astonished and I expressed it. The log-compelling mun attempted no justification, but after a little while asked, "Come from Bawsn?" "Yes," with peruliar pride. "Goodle rounded like—awl I should like to stan' on Bunker Hill. You've been there often, likely?" "No-o, sunwillingly seeing the little end of the horn in clear vision at the terminus of this Scenatle puspective, "Awl, my young fren', vou've learned new that wut a man kin see any day he never does see; nawthin pay, nawthin vally!"

HIS EARLY LITERARY BENT.

Lowell entered college at fifteen and graduated at nineteen, in 1838. His literary taste and talent were already evident, for in literature even then he was an accomplished student, and he was the poet of his class, although at the close of his last year he was rusticated at Concord, a happy exile where he saw Emerson, and probably Henry Thoreau and Margaret Fuller, who was often a guest in Emerson's touse.

It was here that he wrote the class poem which gave no melodious hint of the future man, and disclosed the It was here that he wrote the class poem which gave no melodious hint of the future man, and disclosed the fact that the child of Cambridge, altibough a student, was as yet wholly uninfluenced by the moral and intellectual agitation called deristively transcendentalism. Of this agitation John Quincy Adams writes in his diary in 1840: "A young man, named Raiph Waldo Emerson, a son of my once loved friend, William Emerson, and a classimate of my lamented son, George, after fulling in the every day avocation of a Unitarian preacher and schoolmaster, starts a new doctrine of transcendentalism, declares all the old revelations superannuated and worn out, and announces the approach of new revelations and prophecies. Garrison, and the non-resident abolitionists, Brownson, and the Marat Democrats, phrenocozy and animal magnetism, all come in, furnishing each some plausible rascality as an ingredient for the bubbling cauldron of religion and politics." There could be no better expression of the bewildered and indignant consternation with which the old New-England of fifty years ago regarded the awaltening of the newer New-England, of which John Quincy Adams hithself was to be a characteristic leader, and which was to liberate still further American thought and American politics, calarging religious liberty, and abolishing human slavery. Like other Boston and Harvard youth of about this time, over a little earlier, Charles Samner, Wendell Phillips. Edmind Quincy, Lothrop Motley, Oliver Wendell Hulmes, Lowell seemed to be born for studious leisure or professional routine, as yet unheeding and unconscions of the real forces that were to mould his life. Of these forces, the first and most enduring was an early and happy passion for a lovely and high-midded woman who became his wife, the Egeria who easified his mind with peace and his life with joy.

An ENTRAORDINARY RANGE OF READING.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RANGE OF READING. During these years Lowell greatly impressed his col-lege comrades, although no adequate literary record of



the promise which they felt survives. When he college and studied law the range of his reading wa already extraordinarily large, and his observation

college and studied law the range of his reading was already extraordinarily large, and his observation of nature singularly active and comprehensive. His mind and memory like the Green Vaalits of Dresden were fich with treasures accumulated from every source But his earliest songs echoed the melodies of other singers and forefold no fame. They were the confine-intermining of the blrd while the dawn is deepening into day. Partly his fastidious taste, his conservative disposition, and the utter content of lampy love, happed him in soft Lydian airs which the angrey public vices of the time did not disturb. But it was soon clear that the young poet whose early verses sang only his own happiness would yet fulful Schiller's requirement that the poet shall be a citizen bot his age as well as of his country.

One of his most fintlmate friends, the late Charles F. Briggs, for many years a citizen of Brooklyn, and known in the liferary New-York of forty years ago as Harry Franco, seld of him with fine insight, that Lowell was naturally be politician, but a point cian like Milton, a man that is to say with an instinctive grasp of the higher politics, of the duties and relations of the citizen to his country, and of those moral principles which are cosential to the welfare of States as oxygen to the breath of human life. "He will hever narrow falmself to a party which does not include mankind," said his friend, "nor consent to daily with his muse when he can invoke her and fin the cause of the oppressed and suffering." This was the just perception of affect tomate intimacy. It forefold not only literary renown but patriotle inspiration and consequent political influence in its truest ad most permanent form. In Lowell's mind as in Milton's, as in the spirit of the great Dutch revolt against spain, of the later Germanet of which the lettered leisure spirit of the words, but they contain the essential spirit of Puvina statemanship and seholarship on both sides of the ocean.

The lappy young scholar at Elmwood, devoted to lit

Beginning doubtfully and far away First lets his ingers wander as they list, And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay; Then as the touch of his loved instrument

Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme, First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent. Along the wavering vista of his dream."

In 1844-45, his theme was no longer doubtful or far away. Although Mr. Garrison and the early aboernment which connived at slavery, yet the slavery question had already mastered American politics. In 1844 the Texas controversy absorbed public attention, and in that and the following year Lowell's poems on Garrison, Phillips, Giddings, Patfrey, and poems on Garrison, Phillips, Giddings, Patfrey, and the capture of Ingitive slaves near Washington, like keen flashes leaplag suddenly from a kindling pyre, announced that the anti-slavery cause had gained a powerful and unanticipated ally in literature. These poems, especially that on "The Present Celsis," have a Tyrtean resonance, a stately rhetorical rhythm, that makes their dicinity of thought, their intense feeling and pleturesque lunggery, superbly effective in recitation. They sam themselves on every anti-slavery platform. Wendell Phillips winged with their music and tipped with their flame the darks of his fervit appeal and mardy scorn. As he quoted them with suppressed emotion in his low, melodious, penetrating voice, the white planne of the resistless Navarre of eloquence gained loftler grace, that releatless sword of invective a more flashing edg.

The last great oration of Phillips was the discourse at Harvard University on the centenary of the Phi Beta Kappa. It was not the least memorable in that long series of memorable orations at Harvard of which the first in simultcance was Enchminsters in 1-24, its stately sentences culminating in the magnificent well come to Lafavette, who was present. It was the first time that Phillips had been asked by his Alma Mater to speak at one of her festivals, and he rightly comprehended the occasion. He was never more himself, and he held an andlence culled from many colleges and not predisposed to admire, in shuddering delicit by the classic charm of his manner and the brilliancy of bis unsparing censure of educated men as recreant to political progress. The orator was nearly seventy years old. He was consclous that he should never speak again upon a greater occasion nor to a more distinguished andhence, and as his discourse ended, as if to express completely the principle of his own literand of the cause to which it had been devoted, and the splitf which alone could secure the happy future of his country if it was to justify the hope of her children, he repeated

perate winter sea. tempt the future's portal with the Past's blood-

then Lowell wrote the lines he was twenty-live years. He was thoroughly stirred by the cause which

while enteredoes America oner, and accurrent on the was before all a poet. When he was twenty-seven, he wrote: "If I have aby vocation, it is far making of verse. When I take my pen for that, the world open itself ungrandingly before me; everything seems clear and easy, as it seems shaking to the boil on would be, as one leans over the edge of his boat in one of those dear coves at Fresh Pond. But when I do prose it is invita Minerva. I feel as if I were wasting the and keeping back my message. My true place is to serve the cause as a poet. Then my learl keep he fore me into the conflict." Already the masing occannist had crused to dream end he was about to strike a chord in a strange and nearpeted key and with a force to which the public conscience would thrill h answer.

Lowell was an intense New Engander. There is no finer figure of the higher Paritan typ. The New England soil from which he spring was precious to him. The New England character and achievement, were all his delight and familiar stuly. Noboty who could adequately deplet the Yankee ever knew him as Lovell knew him, for he was at heart the Yankee that he drew. The Yankee early became the distinctive r presentative of America. H is the Uncle sam of comedy and caricature. Even the was at heart the Yankee that he drew. The Yankee and courtler as a national type, typed the Yankee hearts of leashed Crans. Those who preferred the cavalier and courtler as a national type, typed the Yankee study of East of Cromwell's Parliament. Jack bowning and sam silek, the course forces and strikes broadly exaggerated this conveption, and, in our great controversy of the century, the anti-shavery movement was deried as the super-serviceable, sacabling families of the Naw England children of Tribulation Wholesone and Zeal-in the land lines, whom the Southsern was deried as the super-serviceable, sacabling families on the same and gentlemen would teach better morals and manners. A the super-serviceable, sealting families on the national peace and the enemy of the prop

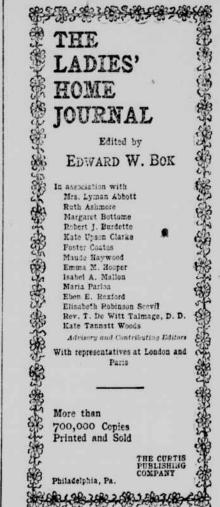
THE REPRESENTATIVE YANKEE FIGURE. This was the hours which, with the instinct of genius, with true New England pride and the joy of conscious power. Lowell made the representative of liberty-loving, generous, humane, upright, wise, con-scientions, indignant America. He did not abute the Yankee a jot or a tittle. He magnified his character istic drawl, his good-natured simplicity, his provincial istic drawl, als good-intured simplicity, in provincial inexperience. But he revealed his inhending principle, his supreme good sense, his lofty patriodism, his inqualiting courage. He scattered the clouds of hatred and ignorance that deformed and carleafured him, and showed him in his daily habit as he lived, the true and worthy representative of America, with mother wit preaching the gospel of Christ, and in plain nativ

worthy representative of America, with mother with preaching the gospel of Christ, and in plain native phrase applying it to a tremendous public exigency in Christian America. The Yankee dialect of New England, like the Yankee himself, had become a year of farce and extravagnara. But, thoroughly aroused, Lowell grasped it as lightly as Hercules his club and siruck a deadly blow at the Hydra that threatened the national life. Burns did not give to the scottlish tongue a nobler inmortality than Lowell to the dialect of New-England.

In June, 1c46, the first Biglow Paper, which, in a letter written at the time, Lowell called "in squib of mine," was published in "The Hoston Courier." That squib was a great incident both in the history of American literature and politics. The serious tone of our literature from its grave colonial beginning had been almost inbruken. The rollicking laugh of Knickerbocker was a solitary sound in our interny air until the gay note of Holmes returned a merry echa, But humor as a Hierary force in political discussion was still more unknown, and in the fierce slavery controversy it was least to be anticipated. Earner in such a stern debate would seem to be himsphemy, and humor as a weapon of enti-slavery warfare was almost inconcelvable. The letters of Major Jack Downing, a dozen years before the Highow Papers, were merely extravagnaria to raise a deriave laugh. The were fun of a day and forgotten. Lowel's humor was of another kind. It was known to his friends, but it was not a characteristic of Lowell the author. In his early books there is no sign of it. It was not a humorist whom the good-mutured willis welcomed in his airy way, saying that posterity would know him as my way, saying that posterity would know him as firssell Lowell. Willis thougath, perhaps, that another kinds and for the first time, the absorbing circle of literature that please but not luspires.

EFFECT OF THE BIGLOW PAPERS. But suddenly, and for the first time, the absorbing

But suddenly, and for the first time, the absorbing struggle of freedom and slavery for control of the Union was Huminated by humor radiant and piercing, which broke over it like daylight, and exposed relentlessly the sophistry and shame of the slave power. No speech, no plea, no appeal was comparable in popular and permanent entect with this pitishes tempest of fire and hall, in the form of wit, argument, satire, knowledge, insight, learning, commonsense and patriotism. It was humor of the purest strain, but humor in deadly earnest. In its course, as in that of a exclone, it swept all before it, the press, in that of a exclone, it swept all before it, the press, the church, criticism, scholarship, and it bore residence is the control of the public men. Its contemptions scorn of the public men. Its contemptions scorn of the public cowardice that acquiesced in the aggressions of the



"The North hain't no kind of business with nothin',
An' you've no idee how much bother it saves,
We aim't none riled by their frettin' and frothin, We're used to layin' the string on our slaves; Sez John C. Calhoun, sez be. Sez Mister Poote, I should like to shoot

"The mass ough' to labor an' we lay on soffies,

An' reclizes our maker's original idee, Sez John C. Cathoun, ser he. That's as plain, ser Cass, As that come one's en ass, It's ez clear as the sun is at noon, sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he. Yes, says Davis of Miss,

The perfection o' bliss Is in skinning that same old coon, sex he." Such lines, as with a stroke of lightning, were burnt into he hearts and conscience of the North. Read to day they recall as nothing else can recall the in-lensary of the feeling which swiftly flamed into civil

Apart from their special impulse and influence the Biglow Papers were essentially and purely American.

of those sentiments, and whose superiors in all that constitutes true manhood and wemenhood. I believe never existed."

But his anti-shavery actor was far from being his sholes and absorbing interest and activity. Lowell's stoles, more and more various and incessant, were so comprehensive that, if not like incon, all knowledge, yet he took all literature for his province, and in 1855 he was appointed to the chair of molern languages and belies lettres in Harvand University, succeeding Longfellow and Ticknor, on illustrious group of American schalars which gives to that chair a distinction apparalleled in our schools. His love and mistery of books were extraordinary, and his devention to study so releasiless that in those earlier years he studied sometimes fourthern hours in the day, and pored over books until his sight seemed to desert him, but it was no idle or evanescent reading. Probably no American student was so deeply versed in the old French remance, none knew Dante and the Halians more profoundly German Recauter was familiar to tim, and perhaps even Ticknor in his own domain of stanish fore was not more a master than Lowell. The whole range of English literature, not only its noble Elizabethan heights, but a delictiful realm of pletaresque and unfrequented paths, were his familiar park of pleasance. Yet he was not a scholarly recluse, a pedant or a bookwarm. The student of books was no less so acute and trained an observer of nature, so sympathetic a fedend of birds and thowers, so swistive to the influences and aspects of out-of-door life, that, as Charles Frigrs, with shroular in-éght, said that he was meant for a politician, so Darwin, with frank admiration, said that he was born to be a naturalist. He was as much the contented compution of Dank Walton and Walton and Walton of Federous, as of Donne or Calderon. His social sympatices were no less arong than his fondness for study, and he was the most face man to the formation, and the reading of a man of Lowell's nor Danson, where havit Shakespeare sa

THE PROSE OF A POET. He had said in 1846 that it was as a poet that he could do his best work. But the postle temperament and faculty do not exclude prose, and like Milion's swain "He tauched the tender stops of various quills." The young poet early showed that proce would be as obedient a familiar to his genins as the tricksy Ariel of verse. Racy and rich, and often of the most sonorous or delicate cadence, it is still the prose of a poet of verse. Hacy and rich, and often of the most sonorous or delicate cadeure, it is still the prose of a post
and a master of the differences of form. His prose
indeed is often profoundly poetic, that is, quick with
imagination, but always in the form of prose not of
poetry. It is so finely compact of illustration, of
thought and learning, of wit and finely, and permeating humor, that his prose page sparkles and sways
like a phosphorescent sen. "oblition," he says, 'books
in the face of the Greelan muse and forgets her
cernad," And acain: "The garners of Sietly are
empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch
honey from the three green all climes still fetch
honey from the three green as evanistic as songs.

Chaples Emerson said of Shukespeare, "he sait above
this hundred-handed play of his imagination pensive
and conscious," and so Lowell is remembered by those
who knew him well. Literature was his earliest love
and his latest delight, and he has been often called
the first man of letters of his time. The phrase is
vague, but it expresses the feeling that while he was
a poet, and a scholar, and a humorist, and a critic, he
was something clse and something more. The feeling
is nerfectly just. Living all summer by the sea we
watch with fascinned eyes the long-flowing lines, the
flash and gleam of multitudinous waters, but beneath
them all is the michty movement of unfathomed ocean
on whose surface only these undulating splendors play.
Literature, whether in prose or verse, was the form of
Lovell's neitivity, but its master impulse was not
exthetic but moral. When the activities of his life

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were ended, in a strain of clear and tender remi-niscence he saug: I sank too deep in the soft-stuffed repose,

"I sank too deep in the consession of peace,"
That hears but runners of earth's wrongs and woes;
Too well these Capuas could my muscles waste.
Not yold of toils, but toils of choice and taste.
These still had kept me could I but have quelled.
The Puritan drop that in my veins rebelled." PATRIOTISM WAS HIS PASSION.

Literature was his pursuit, but patriotism was his passion. His love of country was that of a lover for his mistress. He resented the least imputation upon passion. His love of country was that of a lover to his mistress. He resented the least imputation upon the ideal America, and nothing was finer than his instinctive scorn for the pincheck patriotism which brags and boasts and swagers, insisting that bignoss is greathess and valgarity simplicity, and the will of a majority the moral law. No man perceived more shrewdly the American readiness of resource, the Yankee good nature, and the national rectatude. But he was not satisfied with an easy standard. To him the best, not the thriftiest, was most traity American. Lowell held that of all men the American should be master of his boundless material resources, not their slave, worthy of his uncomplied opportunities, not the sycophant of his fellow Americans nor the victim of national concent. No man reloised more deeply over our great achievements or celebrated them with ampler or prouder proise. He delighted with Yankee give in our inventive genius and Fishess enterprise, but he knew that we did not invent the great miniments of liberty, trial by jury, the habeas corpus, constitutional restraint, the common school, of which we were common heirs with evillace Christien dom. He knew that we have Ningura, and the pradries and the great linkes, and the majeste Mississippi, but he knew also with another great American that still "Earth proully wears the Parthenon As the best gem upon her zone.

As he would not accept a vulgar caricature of the New-Englander as a Yankee, so he spurned Captain Bobadli as a type of the American, for he knew that a nation may be as well-bred among mations as a gentle-man among gentlemen, and that to bully weakness or to cringe to strength are equally cowardly, and therefore not truly American.

to cringe to strength are equally cowardly, and therefore not truly American.

Lowell's lottiest strain is inspired by this patrictic ideal. To burrow a German phrase from modern musical criticism it is the left motif which is constantly heard in the poems and the essays, and that inspiration reached its loftiest expression, both in prese and poetry. In the discourse on Democracy and the Commemoration Ode, The genius of enlightened Greece breathes audibly still in the oration of Pericles on the Feloponessian dead. The patrictle heart of America throbs forever in Lincoln's Gettysburg address. But nowhere in literature is there a more magnificent and majestic personification of a country whose name is secred to its children, nowhere a profounder passion of patriotic loyalty, than in the closing lines of the Commemoration ode. The American whose heart, swayed by that lofty music, does not thrill and palpitate with solemn joy and high resolve, does not yet know what it is to be an American.

ALSO A PUBLIC CRITIC AND CENSOR.

ALSO A PUBLIC CRITIC AND CENSOR. evitably a public critic and censor, but he was much too good a Yankee not to comprehend the practical conditions of political life in this cuntry. No man understood better than he such truth as lies in John understood better than he such truth as lies in John Morley's remark: "Parties are a field where action is a long second best, and where the choice constantly lies between two blunders." He did not therefore conclude that there is no alternative, that "naught is everything and everything is naught." But he did see clearly that while the government of a republic must be a government of party, yet that independence of party is much more vitally essential in a republic than indellity to party. Party is a servant of the people, but a servant who is foolishly permitted by his master to assume sovereign airs, like Christopher Sly, the tinker, whom the Lord's attendants obsequiously salute as master:
"Look bow thy servants do attend on thee;"

"Look how thy servants do attend on thee;
Each in like office ready at thy beck."

To a man of the highest public spirit like Lowell, and of the supreme self respect which always keeps faith with Reelf, no spectacle is sadder than that of Intelligent, superior, honest public men prostrating themselves before a party, professing what they do not believe, affecting what they do not feel, from abject fear of an invisible fettch, a chimen, a name, to which they alone give reality and force, as the terrified peasant himself made the spectre of the Brocken before which he qualled. The last patriotic service of Washington, and none is more worthy of enduring connumentation on this anniversary, was the farewell address, with its strong and stern warming that party government may become a milliers despotism, and that a majority must be watched as Jerdously as a king.

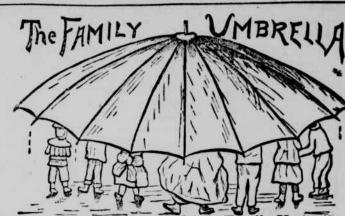
the Senate. It restored to the State of Samuel Adams the same political leadership before the Civil War that she had held before the Revolution. The Republican party, with whose anti-slavery impulse Lowell can party, with whose anti-slavery impulse Lowell was in full accord, arose from the Whig roles, and whether in a party or out of a party, he was liftned the great illustration of the political independence that he represented and maintained. As he allowed no church or sect to dictate his religious views or control lids daily conduct, so he permitted no party to direct his political action. He was a White, an Abolitionist, a Republicant action. He was a White, an Abolitionist, a Republicant action for the was plant according to his conception of the public engency, and according to his conception of the public engency, and according to his conception of the public engency, and according to his conception of the public affairs. How I have the write often of public affairs. But 1/25 papers all belong to the higher politics, which are those of the man and the citizen, not of the partition, and sistinction which may be traced in Burke's greatest speeches, where it is easy to distinguish what is said by Burke the was and patriotic Englishmen, for such he really was, from what is said by the Whig in opposition to the Treasury Edden.

the wise and patriotic Ergissimal, for such he result was, from what is saild by the Waig in opposition to the Transury Reach.

Ent whatever his party associations and political sympathies, Lowell was at heart and by temperament conservative, and his patriotic independence in our politics is the quality which is always unconsciously recognized as the truly conservative element in the country. In the tumultuous excitement of our popular elections the appeal on both sides is not to party, which is already committed, but to those criticals who are still open to reason and may yet be persuaded. In the most recent serious party appeal, the orator said: "Above all things, political fitness should lead us not to forget that at the end of our plans we most meet face to face at the polis the voters of the land with ballots in their hands demanding as a condition of the support of our party identity and undivided devotion to the cause in which we have enlisted them." This recognizes an independent tribunal which judges party. It implies that bedde the host who march under the party color and vote at the party command, there are efficient who may or may not wear a party indiction, but who vote only at their own individual command, and who give the victory. They may be angrily classified as political Laodicans, but it is to them that parties appeal, and rightly, because every for this body of clizens the despotism of party would be absolute and the republic would degenerate into a mere oligarchy of "bosses."

There could be no more signal tribute to political independence than that which was offered to Lowell in 1876. He was a Republican Elector, and the result of the election was disputed. A peaceful solution of the difference seemed for some months to be doubtful, although the Constitution apparently for sult of the difference seemed for some months to be doubtful, although the Constitution apparently furnished if, for if an elector, or more than one, should differ from his party and exercise his express and impuestionable constitutional right, in strict accord with the constitutional intention, the threatened result might be averted. But in the mailtinde of electors Lowell alone was mentioned as one who might exercise that right. The suggestion was at oney indistinuity resented as an insult, because it was altered to imply possible had faith. But it was not so designed. It indivated that Lowell was felt to be in man who, should be think it to be his duty under the midsputable constitutional provision, to vote differently from the expectation of his party, he would certainly do it. But those who made the suggestion did but perceive that he could not feel it to be his duty, he causes nobody saw more clearly than he that an inswritten law with all the force of honor forbads. The constitutional intention was long since superseded by a enstonn sanctioned by a network an approval, which makes the Fresidential Elector the mensi and sterial agent of a party, and in most wholly ceremonial idears in our political system.

By the time that he was fifty years old Lowell's conspicuous Electory accomplishment and poetic genius with his petitical independence, comange and saility, had given him a po ittor and littlemee unifie those of any other American, and when in 1877 he was appointed Minister o Spain, and in 1880 transferred to England, there was a recting of blended pride and satisfaction that he country wind he not only effectively but nobly represented. Mr. Emerson once said to England, there was a recting of blended pride and satisfaction that the country wind he not only effectively but nobly represented. Mr. Emerson once said to your utmoss. The coming of such a many was the highest honor that America could pay to England. If we may personity America one farm the premit size Nowellas and the Purlian tradition, the



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peculiarly and intelligently at home in England, and which also has made him more than His Excellency the Ambassador of American literature to the Court of Shukespeare, as "The London Spectator" called him upon his arrival in London, for it made him the representative to England of an American scholarship, a wit, an intellectual resource, a complete and splendid accomplishment, a social grace and charm, a felicity of public and private speech, and a weight of good sense, which pleasantly challenged England to a continuous and friendly bout in which America did not suffer.

and to speak it with memorable distinction. If a memorial of Dean Stanley were erected in his chapter memorial of Dean Stanley were erected in his chapter House, or of Fleiding at Taunton, or of Coleridge in Westminster Abbey, or of Gray at Cambridge, the desire of literary England turned instinctively to Lowell as the orator whose voice would give the best expression, and whose character and renown the greatest dignity, to the hour. In Wordsworth's Eagland, as president of the Wordsworth's Coley, he spoke of the poet with an affectionate justice which makes his speech the finest essay apon Wordsworth's genius and caser, and of Don. Quixote he spoke to the Workingman's College with a poetle appreciation of the genius of Cervantes and a familiarity with Spanish literature which was a revelation to British workmen. Continuously at public dinners, with consummate fact and singular felletty, he spoke with a charm which seemed to disclose a new art of oratory. He did not decline even political speech, but of course in no partisan sense. His discourse on Democracy, at Birmingham, in October, 1884, was not only an event, but an event without precedent. He was the Minister of the American Republic to the British Monarchy, and, as that Minister, publicly to declare in England the most radical democratic principles as the ultimate logical result of the British Constitution, and to do it with a temper, an urbanity, a moderation, a precision of statement and a courteous grace of humae, which charmed doubt into acquiescence, and annagement into infelience admiration and acknowledgment of a great service to political thought greatly done—this was an event unknown in the annals of diplomacy, and this is what Lowell did at Birming-ham.

Radical was ever so radical as he. The frantic French Democracy of '93, gaashing its teeth in the face of Badleal was ever so radical as be. The frantic Frence Democracy of '03, gnashing its teeth in the face of royal power, would have equality and fraternity, if every man were guillotined to secure it. The American Republic, speaking to monarchial Europe a century later by the same voice with which Sri Launfal had shown the Identity of Christianity with human sympathy and succor, set forth in the address at Birmingham the truth that Democracy is simply the practical application of moral principle to politics. There were many and great services in Lowell's life, but none of them all seem to me more characteristic of the man than when, holding the commission of his country, in his own person representing its noblest character, standing upon soil sacred to him by reverend and romantic tradition, his American heart loyal to the English impulse, which is the impulse of constitutional liberty, fone memorable moment he made monarchical England feel for republican American heart loyal to the English dameration that she felt for him, the republican American. His last official words in England show the reciprocal feeling. "While I came here as a fur-off cousin," he said, "I feel that you are sending me away as something like a brother." He died, the poet, the scholar, the criffe, the public counsellor, the ambassador, the patriot, and the sorrowing voice of the English Laurente and of the English Queen, the highest voices of English literature and political power, mingling with the universal voice of his own country, showed how surely the frue American faithful to the spirit of Washington and of Abraham Lincoln reconciles and not exasperates international feeling.

A FASCINATING AND INSPIRING FFEGURE.

So varied, fall and fair is the story of Lowell's life, and such services to the mind and heart and character In the golden morning of our literature and Nat life there is no more fascinating and inspiring figure generous American youth, gave him at last power to speak with more authority than any living American for the intellect and conscience of America. Upon those who knew him well so perfound was the impression of his resource and power that their words must seem to be mere culory. All that he did was but the hint of this superb adhence, this comprehensive grasp; the everlow of an exhaustless supply, so that it seemed to be only incidental, not his life's business. Even his literary production was impromptu. "Sir Lamifal? was the work of two days. "The Fable for Cities" was an anascement and severer studies. The discourse on Democracy was largely written upon the way to Birmingham. Of no man could it be said more truly that

"Half his strength ha put not forth." for the intellect and conscience of America. Upon "Half his strength he put not forth."

truly that that must be always the impression of men of so harge a mould and of such public service that they may be properly commemorated on this anniversary. Like mountain summits, bright with sunrise, that announted the day, such Americans are harbingers of the future which shall justify our fattle and fuffil the promise of America to mankind. In our splendid statistics of territorial extension, of the swift civilization of the Western world, of the miraclass of our material invention; in that vast and smiling landscape, the home of a powerful and peaceful people, humming with industry and enterprise, rich with the charm of every climate from Katasidin that hears the distant roar of the Atlantic to the tolden date through which the soft Facilie slabs, and in every form of visible prosperity we see the respicance harvest of the mighty sowing. 200 years also, of the new continent with the sifted grain of the old. But this is not the picture of a National greatness, it is only its glittering frame, intellectual excellence, noble character, public probity, into kirals, art, literature, houest polities, righteous laws, vonscientions labor, public spirit, social justice, the stern, self-criticising patriotism which fosters only what is worthy of an enightened people, not what is unworthy—such qualifies and such achievements, and such alone, measure the greatness of a State, and those who illustrate filem are great citizens. They are men whose fives are a glorious service and whose memories are a benediction. Amorg that great company of patriots let me to-day, reverily and grainfully, blend the mane of Lowell with that of Washington.



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FATMAN BROTHERS GO TO LAW.

Alfred Fatman, a brother of Solomon Fatman, the mior member of the firm of Fatman & Co., cotton exporters, of No. 70 Broad-st., has brought a suit in the Court

of Common Plens against Solomon to recover a portion of the estate of his father, Joseph Fatman, which Alfred declares Solomon has taken for his own use. Joseph Fatman died in 1860, and Alfred declares that his father's estate at the time of his death amounted in personal property alone to \$300,000, besides a good deal of real estate. He thinks that the property left by his father is worth to-day, with legal interest from the time of his death, somewhere in the neighbor hood of \$1,000,00. Affred declares that at the time of his father's death

Afred declares that each sale was only twelve years old, and Solomon was appointed solo executor of the estate, as the other executors named in the will failed to qualify. Solomon has never filed an accounting of any kind, Alfred says, except an inventory which was filed in the Surrogate's except an inventory which was filed in the Surrogate's office soon after his father's death, showing that there was personal property worth \$500,000 in the estate. Joseph Fatman had six daughters and these two sons, and by his will it was provided that the widow should receive \$100,000, and the remainder of the estate should be divided equally among the children. Al-fred declares that this bequest to his mother has never solomon's answer to these charges is that his father

was insolvent at the time of his death, his debts amounting to \$500,000. Chief Judge Daly has granted an order for the examination of Solomon before trial, for Alfred to secure facts to use in framing a com

DEPARTURE OF SECRETARY FOSTER. Washington, Feb. 22.-Secretary Foster left here

the Korth German Lioya steamer spree to-morrow for Europe. He has not yet fully decided whether he will make the voyage to Bremen, or stop off at Southamp-ton for the purpose of spending a few days in rural England. He takes the trip solely for the benefit of his health, and his movements on the other side will be governed entirely by his feelings on reaching Southampton. He will be accompanied by W. L. MacLellan, of the Treasury Department, and Dr. J. B. Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital service, and also by his faithful body servant, Richard Green. The party will probably be passengers on the steamer Spree on her return trip to New-York.